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A California Year Book

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A California Year Book

By Lucia-Etta Smith and Bradetta L. Smith

"The year goes fast, Life
overflows With brightest, sunniest
weather."

Paul Elder and Company
Publishers, San Francisco

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By Lucia-Etta Smith

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January

Everywhere are sunlit glints
On the new-born green
And above, the bluest sky
Through the redwoods seen.
This is January in California-land,
Where the Spring and Winter
Frolic hand in hand.

L. E. S.

February

Fire-flowers of flame unfold
And sweep our western way;
They burn the island slopes with gold
About the circling Bay,
And to the world a message hold
So man to man may say:
That fire and flame leave but the gold,
Unquenched, to glow alway.

B. L. S.

March

A tawny road whose windings lay
Where pussy-willows puff and play,
And hidden paths reluctant meet,
Expectant of a wanderer's feet.
O tawny road whose windings stray
You lure me on this sunny day.

L. E. S.

April

The wild white lilies
of the woods
Are keeping Easter-tide
By lifting up their fragile
heads,
Where coolest shadows hide.
A trinity of snow above
A trinity of green,
As lightly poised as butterflies,
But reverent in mien.

L. E. S.

May

The poppies group in sunny clouds
With lupins 'gainst the sky,
The gnarled oaks reach their beckoning arms
From grassy hill slopes high;
The shifting sand beneath my feet
With gold winds all the way;
The pealing of the mission bells
Calls out, and bids me stay.
O bluebird ever on the wing,
O sun against the sky,
The road is old, yet new to me:
A vagabond am I!

B. L. S.

June

Again I tread with joy
Those mossy ways,
Where wild forget-me-nots
Fair faces raise,
And yerba buena creeps
From shade to greet,
With fragrance, every
pressure of my feet.

L. E. S.

July

O breathe with me the life of the Bay!
There many a great ship swings,
Where orange sails dip adream in the sun
By the Gate's wide western wings,
And over above the throb and thrum
The heart of the city sings.

B. L. S.

August

There's a madness and a gladness
And a throbbing in the air.
O the lazy drifting sunshine
That's a-golding everywhere!
'Mid the wild oats' tipsy swaying,
Through the poppies' wildering glow,
With a throbbing and a dreaming,
Lo, I let my spirit go;
For I hear you, world, a-murmuring,
And your calling interweaves
Through the hazy drifting sunshine
On the sun-burnt bracken sheaves.

B. L. S.

September

The blue, blue bay of
Monterey,
With the dusky hills beyond,
The old adobes red and gray
And the rickety quays along;
The fishermen toiling with
their nets
Sing, as the deep tides run,
To the glorious glow of a
fading day,
'Neath a Californian sun.

B. L. S.

October

Fields of stubble, yellow and dry,
Fallen cornstalks scattered lie,
Blackbirds fly with twinkling wings,
Songless but for rustlings;
Fields with furrows of rich brown stain,
And a plaintive rill
On a rocky hill,
Calling, complaining for rain.

L. E. S.

November

Shore line and glimmering bay,
White gulls across the gray,
Blue sky and whispering breeze.
White gulls and sun-gold seas,
Drift my song along your way,
My heart with you and God,
to-day.

B. L. S.

December

A redwood fragment,
dry and brown, outcast.
Its graceful power to captivate
is past;
No Spanish flaunting now of
tasselled fingers,
Yet as I crush it spicy odor
lingers,
That beckons me along sequoian
aisles
To secret altars in the green
defiles,
Bringing me thoughts of heaven-
pointing spires,
Breathing to me of Christmas-
tide desires.

L. E. S.

Here ends A California Year Book, being poems by Lucia-Etta Smith and Bradetta L. Smith · Printed on Van Gelder hand-made paper by Paul Elder and Company at their Tomoye Press under the direction of John Swart, in the city of San Francisco, during the month of December, Nineteen hundred & twelve

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